Bleinheim,

A

POEM.

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable

ROBERT HARLEY, Eſq;

LONDON:

Printed by *H. Hills*, and Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, 1709.

Bleinheim,

P O E M.

Johnson e.3077

Bleinheim,

A

POEM.

FRom low and abject Themes the Grov'ling Muſe
Now mounts Aerial, to ſing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of *Britain*'s Heroe; may the Verſe not ſink
Beneath His Merits, but detain a while
Thy Ear, O *HARLET*, (tho' thy Country's Weal
Depends on Thee, tho' Mighty *ANNE* requires
Thy hourly Counſels) ſince with ev'ry Art
Thy ſelf adorn'd, the mean Eſſays of Youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing Genius to the Muſes Seat:
Therefore Thee firſt, and laſt, the Muſe ſhall Sing.

Long had the *Gallic* Monarch uncontrol'd
Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Human Force
Opponent ſlightly thought, in Heart elate,
As erſt *Seſoſtris*, (proud *Ægyptian* King,
That Monarchs harneſs'd to his Chariot yok't,
(Baſe Servitude!) and his dethron'd Compeers
Laſht furious; they in ſullen Majeſty
Drew the uneaſie Load.) Nor leſs he aim'd
At Univerſal Sway: For *WILLIAM*'s Arm

Could naught avail, however fam'd in War;
[illegible] Armies leagu'd, that diverſly aſſay'd
To quell his Pow'r enormous; like an Oak,
That ſtands ſecure, tho' all the Winds employ
Their ceaſeleſs Roar, and only ſheds its Leaves,
Or Maſt, which the revolving Spring reſtores:
So ſtood he, and Alone; Alone defy'd
The *European* Thrones combin'd, and ſtill
Had ſet at Naught their Machinations vain,
But that Great *ANNE*, weighing th' Events of War
Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee choſe,
Thee, *CHURCHILL*, to direct in nice Extreams
Her banner'd Legions. Now their priſtin Worth
The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
Sweet Native Home for unaccuſtom'd Air,
And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil
Portend Diſtempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilſome, unfatigu'd with Length
Of March, unſtruck with Horror at the ſight
Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high ſtretching Hills,
All white with Summer Snows. They go beyond
The Trace of *Engliſh* Steps, where ſcarce the Sound
Of *Henry*'s Arms arriv'd; ſuch Strength of Heart
Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor ſmall
Encouragement. *GODOLPHIN*, Wiſe, and Juſt,
Equal in Merit, Honour, and Succeſs,
To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to ſerve
The Beſt of Queens:) He, of the Royal Store
Splendidly frugal, ſits whole Nights devoid
Of ſweet Repoſe, Induſtrious to procure
To Soldiers Eaſe; to Regions far remote
His Care extends, and to the *Britiſh* Hoſt
Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O *CHURCHILL*, at thy wiſht Approach
The *Germans* hopeleſs of Succeſs forlorn,
With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer
New animated rouſe; not more rejoice

The

The miserable Race of Men, that live
Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Frosts
Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keenest Breath,
Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky,
When first the Sun with New-born Light removes
The long incumbent Gloom; gladly to thee
Heroick Laurel'd *EUGENE* yields the Prime,
Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt
In Military Honour next, altho'
His deadly Hand shook the *Turchestan* Throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
Victorious; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* Coast relies,
Won from th'encroaching Sea: That Sword Great *ANNE*
Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant Side,
When Thee sh'enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights among,
Illustrating the Noble List; Her Hand
Assures good Omens, and Saint *George*'s Worth
Enkindles, like Desire of high Exploits.
Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War
Rowl in thy eager Mind; thy Plumy Crest
Nods horrible, with more terrific Port
Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conquests then did *Albion* hope
From thy Archievements! yet thou hast surpast
Her boldest Vows, exceeded what thy Foes
Could fear, or fancy; they, in Multitude
Superior, fed their Thoughts with Prospect vain
Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what
From ransom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One
Jovial his Mate bespoke; O Friend, observe,
How gay with all th' Accontrements of War
The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come
Thus, far, our Prey, and tempt us to subdue
Their recreant Force; how will their Bodies stript
Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures sate
Their Maws with full Repast! Another, warm'd

With high Ambition, and Conceit of Proweſs
Inherent, arrogantly thus preſum'd;
What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
Of baſe Antagoniſts, with griding Edge
Should now cleave sheer the execrable Head
Of *CHURCHILL*, met in Arms! or if This Hand,
Soon as his Army diſarray'd 'gins ſwerve,
Should ſtay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,
Confounded, and appal'd! no trivial Price
Should ſet Him free, nor ſmall ſhould be My Praiſe
To lead Him ſhackl'd, and expoſe to Scorn
Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton*'s boaſted Chief.

Thus They, in ſportive mood, their empty Taunts
And Menaces expreſt; nor could their Prince
In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech
Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons*? why
Decline the War? ſhall a Moraſs forbid
Your eaſie March? Advance; we'll bridge a Way,
Safe of Acceſs. Imprudent, thus t' invite
A furious Lion to his Folds! that Boaſt
He ill abides, captiv'd in other Plight
He ſoon re-viſits *Britanny*, that once
Reſplendent came, with ſtretch't Retinue girt,
And pompous Pageantry; O Hapleſs Fate,
If any Arm, but *CHURCHILL*'s had prevail'd!

No need ſuch Boaſts, or Exprobations falſe
Of Cowardice; the Military Mound
The *Britiſh* Files tranſcend, in evil Hour
For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.
And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,
Signal of Onſet, Reſolution firm
Inſpiring, and pernicious Love of War.
The adverſe Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,
Collecting all their Might; for on th' Event
Deciſive of this bloody Day depends
The Fate of Kingdoms: With leſs Vehemence

The

The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cæsar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* Plains,
Where fierce *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,
Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.
Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
Bold Champion, brandishing his *Noric* Blade,
Best temper'd Steel, successless prov'd in Field:
Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry
Presumptuous comes: Here *CHURCHIL*, not so prompt
To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
With *EUGENE*'s *German* Force. Now from each Van
The brazen Instruments of Death discharge
Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds
Of Smoak sulphureous; intermix't with these
Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Pitch,
Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring
Surprizing Slaughter; on each side they fly
By Chains connex't, and with destructive Sweep
Behead whole Troops at once; the hairy Scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks beltrow
Th' ensanguid Field; with latent Mischief stor'd
Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by sudden Burst
Disploding murd'rous Bowels, fragments of Steel,
And Stones, and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust.
A Thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs
Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout
With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep,
Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds
Disdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,
Spurn their dismounted Riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each Army Death, in various Shapes,
Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
Lye clotted; lifeless Some: With Anguish These
Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
Unpity'd, and unhear'd; the louder Din

Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and solemn Sound
Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were seen,
None of Retreat: As when two adverse Winds,
Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
Roars stormy, they together dash the Clouds,
Levying their Equal Force with utmost Rage;
Long undecided lasts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd: Till *CHURCHILL*, viewing where
The Violence of *Tallard* most prevail'd,
Came to oppose His slaught'ring Arm; with speed
Precipitant He rode, urging his Way
O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds
Rowling in Death: Destruction, grim with Blood,
Attends His furious Course. Him thus enrag'd
Descrying from afar some Engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring Charge, design'd
By One nice Shot to terminate the War,
With Aim direct the level'd Bullet flew,
But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood
Th' approaching Wound) and guiltless Plough'd her Way
Beneath His Courser; round His Sacred Head
The glowing Balls play innocent, while He
With dire impetuous Sway deals fatal Blows
Amongst the scatter'd *Gauls*. But O! Beware
Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
Expose the *British* Safety: Hath not *Jove*
Already warn'd Thee to withdraw? Reserve
Thy self for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid
EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,
Awaits; This Day of all His Honours gain'd
Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
Defends not the sad Hour: Permit not Thou
So Brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd
To bite the Ground unnotted.—Swift, and Fierce
As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce

The yielding Wing; in *Gallia* Blood again
He dews His reeking Sword, and ſtrows the Ground
VVith headleſs Ranks; (ſo *Ajax* interpos'd
His Sevenfold Shield, and skreen'd *Laertes*'s Son,
For Valour much, and War-like Wiles Renown'd,
VVhen the inſulting *Trojans* urg'd Him ſore
VVith tilted Spears:) Unmanly Dread invades
The *French* aſtony'd; ſtraight Their uſeleſs Arms
They quit, and in Their ſwift Retreat confide,
Unſeemly Yelling; diſtant Hills return
The hideous Noiſe. What can They do? or how
VVithſtand His Wide-deſtroying Sword? or where
Find Shelter thus repuls'd? behind with Wrath
Reſiſtleſs, th'Eager *Engliſh* Champions Preſs,
Chaſtiſing tardy Flight; Before them rowls
His Current ſwift the *Danube*, Vaſt, and Deep
Supream of Rivers; to the frightful Brink,
Urg'd by compulſive Arms, ſoon as they reacht,
New Horror chill'd Their Veins; devote They ſaw
Themſelves to wretched Doom; with Efforts vain,
Encourag'd by Deſpair, or Obſtinate
To Fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew
Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate
On the firm Land; the Reſt diſcomfited,
And puſht by *MARLBOROUGH*'s avengeful Hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood.
Bands, numerous as the *Memphian* Soldery
That ſwell'd the *Erythrean* Wave, when Wall'd
The Unfroze Waters marvelouſly ſtood,
Obſervant of the Great Command. Upbore
By frothy Billows Thouſands float the Stream
In cumbrous Mail, with love of farther Shore;
Confiding in their Hands, that ſed'lous ſtrive
To cut th'outragious Fluent: In this Diſtreſs,
Ev'n in the ſight of Death, Some, Tokens ſhew
Of fearleſs Friendſhip, and their ſinking Mates
Suſtain; vain Love, tho' laudable! abſorpt
By a fierce Eddy, They together ſound

The,

The vaſt Profundity; their Horſes paw
The ſwelling Surge, with fruitleſs Toil: Surcharg'd,
And in his Courſe obſtructed by large Spoil,
The River flows redundant, and attacks
The lingring Remnent with unuſual Tide;
Then Rowling back, in His Capacious Lap
Ingulphs Their whole Militia, quick immerſt.
So when ſome ſwelt'ring Travellers retire
To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunleſs Verge
Of *Paraba*, *Braſilian* Stream; Her Tail
Of vaſt Extenſion, from Her watry Den,
A griſly *Hydra* ſuddenly ſhoots forth,
Inſidious, and with curl'd invennom'd Train
Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
Into the River whirles; th' unweeting Prey
Entwiſted roars, the parted Wave rebounds.

Nor did the *Britiſh* Squadrons now ſurceaſe
To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moiſt Element a ſcorching Death,
Pierc'd ſinking; Shrouded in a dusky Cloud
The Current flows, with livid miſſive Flames
Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th' Swift-footed Son
Of *Peleus* to his baleful Banks purſu'd
The ſtraggling *Trojans*: Nor leſs Eager drove
Victorious *CHURCHILL* His deſponding Foes
Into the deep Immenſe, that many a League
Impurpl'd ran, with guſhing Gore diſtain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
Mighty in Conflict, reſcu'd harraſt Pow'rs
From Ruin impendent, and th' afflicted Throne
Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
Suſtain'd. With prudent Stey, he long deferr'd
The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout
An Hoſt diſparted; when, in Union firm
Embody'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All

Their

Their Strength, and worthy ſeem'd to be ſubdu'd;
He the proud Boaſters ſent, with ſtern Aſſault,
Down to the Realms of Night. The *Britiſh* Souls,
(A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On *Landen*-Plains, this Heavenly Gladſome Air,
Exult to ſee the crouding Ghoſts deſcend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
Of Mortal Life, and Drink th' Oblivious Lake.
Not ſo the New Inhabitants; They roam
Erroneous, and diſconſolate, Themſelves
Accuſing, and their Chiefs, improvident
Of Military Chance; when lo! They ſee,
Thro' the Dun Miſt, in Blooming Beauty freſh,
Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt
O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
ANNA's late Conqueſts; One, to Empire Born,
Egregious Prince, whoſe Manly Childhood ſhew'd
His mingled Parents, and portended Joy
Unſpeakable; Thou, His Aſſociate Dear
Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
Had thy preſiding Star propitious ſhone,
Shouldſt *CHURCHILL* be! But Heav'n ſevere cut ſhort
Their ſpringing Years, nor would, this Iſle ſhould boaſt
Gifts ſo Important! Them the *Gallic* Shades
Surveying, read in either radiant Look
Marks of exceſſive Dignity and Grace,
Delighted; till, in One, their Curious Eye
Diſcerns their great Subduer's Awful Mien,
And Correſponding Features Fair; to Them
Confuſion! Straight the Airy Phantomes fleet,
With Headlong Haſte, and Dread a new Purſuit;
The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muſe; the ſadly-pleaſing Theme
Leave, with theſe Dark Abodes, and Re-aſcend
To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait
The Conqu'ror, and ſav'd Nations joint Acclaim.
Hark, how the Cannon, inoffenſive Now,

Gives

Gives Signs of Gratulation; struggling Crouds
From ev'ry City flow; with ardent Gaze
Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight
Insatiate; whilst His Great Redeeming Hand
Each Prince affects to touch respectful. See,
How *Prussia*'s King transported Entertains
His Mighty Guest; to Him the Royal Pledge,
Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,
Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew
The Skill and Rudiments austere of VVar.
See, with what Joy, Him *LEOPOLD* declares
His Great Deliverer; and courts t' accept
Of Titles, with superior Modesty
Better refus'd. Mean while the Haughty King
Far humbler Thoughts now learns; Despair, and Fear
Now first he feels; his Laurels all at once
Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's extream,
Distract his Soul; nor can Great *Boilean*'s Harp
Of various sounding Wire, best taught to calm
Whatever Passion, and exalt the Soul
With highest Strains, his languid Spirits cheer:
Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breast.

But who can tell what Pangs, what sharp Remorse
Torment the *Boian* Prince? From Native Soil
Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear Embrace
Of weeping Consort, and depriv'd the Sight
Of his young guiltless Progeny, he seeks
Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land;
Deplorable! but that his Mind averse
To Right and Insincere, would violate
His plighted Faith: Why did he not accept
Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh,
With Whom he must Contend? Encount'ring fierce
The *Solymaan* Sultan, he o'erthrew
His Moony Troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Painim Blood effus'd; nor did the *Gaul*

Not

Not find him once a baleful Foe: But when,
Of Counsel rash, new Measures he persues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he sees
Too late his Error, forc'd t'implore Relief
Of Him, he once defy'd. O Destitute
Of Hope, unpity'd! Thou should'st first have thought
Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant Ill-aspiring Heart.
Lo! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' Thy Default,
Rise hilly, with large Piles of slaughter'd Knights,
Best Men, that War'd still firmly for their Prince,
Tho' Faithless, and Unshaken Duty shew'd;
Worthy of Better End. Where Cities stood,
Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Desolation Reigns,
And Emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The Widow, and the Orphan Strole around
The Desart wide; with oft retorted Eye
They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains
Of Mansions, once their own (now loathsome Haunts
Of Birds obscene), bewailing loud the Loss
Of Spouse, or Sire, or Son, e're Manly Prime
Slain in sad Conflict, and complain of Fate
As Partial, and too Rigorous; nor find
Where to Retire themselves, or where Appease
Th' afflictive keen Desire of Food, expos'd
To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beasts.

Thrice Happy *Albion*! from the World disjoin'd
By Heav'n Propitious, Blissful Seat of Peace!
Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miseries to Prize
Thy Welfare; Crown'd with Nature's Choicest Gifts,
Remote Thou hear'st the Dire Effect of War,
Depopulation, void alone of Fear,
And Peril, whilst the Dismal Symphony
Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife;
From diff'rent Climes the Flow'r of Youth descends

Down to the *Lusitanian* Vales, resolv'd
With utmost Hazard to Enthrone their Prince,
Gallic, or *Austrian*; Havoc dire ensues,
And wild Uproar: The Natives, dubious whom
They must Obey, in Consternation wait,
'Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.
Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
On the mild *Latian* Shore; what Sighs and Tears
Hath *EUGENE* caus'd! How many Widows curse
His cleaving Faulchion! Fertile Soil in vain!
What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,
Best Boon of Heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
With Olives, when the Cruel Battel mows
The Planters, with their Harvest immature?
See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,
The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
In Battalious Array, while *Volga*'s Stream
Sends Opposite, in shaggy Armor clad,
Her Borders; on mutual Slaughter bent,
They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vext
With Civil Broils, while Two Erected Kings
Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left
Thus free of Choice! The *English*, undisturb'd
With such sad Privilege, submiss Obey
Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rence due,
Not Thraldom, in fit Liberty secure.
From Scepter'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,
Thou *ANNA* Rulest, prudent to promote
Thy People's Ease at home, nor Studious less
Of *Europe*'s Good; to Thee, ot Kingly Rights
Sole Arbitress, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
Sue for Relief; Thou bid'st thy *CHURCHILL* go,
Succour the Injur'd Realms, Defeat the Hopes
Of Haughty *LOUIS*, unconfin'd; He goes
Obsequious, and the dread Command fulfills,
In One Great Day. Again Thou giv'st in Charge
To *ROOK*, that He should let that Monarch know,
The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd

Is Thine; behold! with winged Speed He rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main, t' assert
Thy liquid Kingdoms; at his near Approach
The *Gallic* Navies, imponent to bear
His Volly'd Thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,
And bless the friendly interposing Night.

Hail, Mighty QUEEN, reserv'd by Fate, to Grace
The New-born Age; what Hopes may we conceive
Of future Years, when to Thy Early Reign
Neptune submits his Trident, and Thy Arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmost Bound
Hesperian, *Calpe*, by *Alcides* fixt,
Mountain Sublime, that casts a Shade of Length
Immeasurable, and Rules the Inland Waves!
Let Others, with Insatiate Thirst of Rule,
Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties
Of Leagues and Oaths; this Thy peculiar Praise
Be still, to Study Right, and Quell the Force
Of Kings Perfidious; let them learn from Thee
That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd
Shall with Success be Crown'd, where Justice fails.
Thou with Thy own Content, not for Thy Self,
Subdu'st Regions; Generous to Raise
The Suppliant Knee, and Curb the Rebel Neck.
The *German* Boasts Thy Conquests, and Enjoys
The Great Advantage; nought to Thee redounds
But Satisfaction from Thy Conscious Mind.

Auspicious QUEEN, since in Thy Realms secure
Of Peace, Thou Reign'st, and Victory attends
Thy distant Ensigns, with Compassion view
Europe Embroil'd; Still Thou (for Thou Alone
Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,
Reciprocally ruinous; Say Who
Shall weild th' *Hesperian*, Who the *Polish* Sword,
By Thy Decree; the trembling Lands shall hear
Thy Voice, Obedient, lest Thy Scourge should bruise

Their

Their Stubborn Necks, and *CHURCHILL* in his Wrath
Make Them Remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, Aw'd to Peace, Extol
Thy Pow'r, and Justice; Jealousies and Fears,
And Hate Infernal banisht shall retire
To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coasts,
Or *Tartary*, Engend'ring Discords fell
Amongst the Enemies of Truth; while Arts
Pacific, and Inviolable Love
Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days
Returning! In perpetual Tenor run
Delectable, and Shed your Influence Sweet
On Virtuous *ANNA*'s Head; ye Happy Days,
By HER restor'd, Her Just Designs compleat,
And, mildly on HER Shining, Bless the World.

Thus from the Noisy Croud exempt, with Ease,
And Plenty blest, amid the Mazy Groves;
(Sweet Solitude!) where warbling Birds provoke
The Silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat
Of *SAINTJOHN*, *English Memmius*, I presum'd
To Sing *Britannick* Trophies, inexpert
Of War, with mean Attempt; while He intent
(So *ANNA*'s Will Ordains) to Expedite
His Military Charge, no Leisure finds
To String His Charming Shell; But when Return'd
Consummate Peace shall Rear Her Chearful Head,
Then shall His *CHURCHILL* in Sublimer Verse
For Ever Triumph; latest Times shall learn
From such a *Chief* to Fight, and *Bard*, to Sing.

FINIS.